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Chopin's First Meeting with George Sand.

(From Karasowski's Life of Chopin.)

Made happy by the hearty reception he had found in the house of the great German artist (Schumann, in 1836), and after he had laid a wreath upon the monument of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Chopin left Leipzig, buried in deep thoughts.

He believed that now his wandering life was at an end, and that with the fulfilment of new obligations a new life would forthwith begin. The remembrance of his beautiful betrothed raised him on rosy wings of imagination to an ideal land, and conjured up before his spirit's eye pictures of inexpressible delight and blissful hopes.

Alas! the rough reality was soon to wake him from these tender dreams, and strike a deep and agonizing wound to his heart. A short time after his return to Paris, Chopin received intelligence that his betrothed, Marie, had preferred to marry a Count instead of an artist and a man of genius.

This event had for Chopin very serious consequences. In the hope of suppressing and forgetting the injury that had been inflicted on him, he threw himself—after he had seen the annihilation of his fair hopes of an ideal marriage—into the arms of a woman, who exercised a very baneful influence over him.

It had rained all day: Chopin, whose sensitive nervous system suffered greatly under the alternations of the weather, and to whom dampness was intolerable, found himself in the gloomiest humor. None of his acquaintances had called on him in the course of the day; no new book had amused or stimulated him; no melodic thought had knocked at his door, demanding a form.

At last, when it was almost ten o'clock, it occurred to him to visit the salon of the Countess C., who had her *jour fixe*, when an agreeable and intellectual circle always assembled about the amiable lady of the house.

As he mounted the carpeted stairway, a feeling came over Chopin, as if he were haunted by a shadow, which diffused a violet fragrance;—a presentiment flashed through his soul, as if something peculiar and strange stood before him. Already he was on the point of turning round and starting homeward; but then he laughed himself out of his own superstition, and sprang over the last steps cheerfully and quickly.

When he looked about in the salon, after greeting the lady of the house, he found a numerous company, and, besides well known faces, some that were strange to him. They had become divided into groups, and were chatting with genuine French grace and liveliness about the theatre and literature, political affairs and the events of the day. Chopin, that

evening more inclined to listen than to talk, seated himself in a corner of the salon, and let the beautiful and brilliant arrivals—for there were many charming ladies also at the Countess C.'s—glide by before his eyes.

After a portion of the company had withdrawn, and only the more intimate friends of the Countess remained, Chopin, just in the mood of telling musical fairy tales, sat down at the piano and improvised. All listened breathless; till finally, absorbed completely in himself, and looking only at the keys, he had forgotten all about his hearers. When he had closed his improvisation, he raised his eyes and remarked a lady, simply dressed, who, leaning on the instrument, seemed to wish to read his very soul with her dark, fiery eyes.

Chopin felt, that he blushed under the fascinating gaze of the lady; she smiled a little; and when the artist rose from his seat, to withdraw himself from the company behind a group of camellias, he heard the peculiar crepitation of a silken dress, from which streamed an odor of violets, and the same lady, who had regarded him so searchingly at the piano, approached him accompanied by Liszt.

With a deep, euphonious voice she spoke to him; said a few words to him about his playing, and more yet about the subject-matter of his improvisation. Frederic heard her, feeling moved and flattered. Surely it is the finest reward for the poet or the artist, to know that he is understood; and while words full of sparkling *esprit* and indescribable poetry flowed from the eloquent lips of the lady, he felt himself understood, as he had never been before.

This lady was the then most celebrated female writer of the French,—Aurora Dudevant, whose romances, which appeared under the name *George Sand*, were of course not strange to him.

When Chopin entered his dwelling that night, he still heard with the spirit's ear the charming speech, he still saw with the spirit's sight those flashing eyes of *George Sand*.

He wrote to his parents about her: "I have made the acquaintance of a great and important celebrity, Madame Dudevant, who is known under the name of *George Sand*. But her face to me is not sympathetic and has not pleased me at all; indeed there is something in it that repels me."

But Chopin met the genial lady again. He forgot, in her attractive talk, which almost always contained the most delicate flatteries for him, that she was not handsome. Her love for him—for *George Sand* loved Chopin with passionate ardor—gave to her earnest and somewhat manly features a certain tenderness, which made her beautiful; her love made her timid, almost meek toward him, and so, without knowing it, she touched his heart.

At first Frederic was grateful to the genial lady for her love; afterwards he loved her, if perhaps not so passionately as she loved him,

yet deeply and sincerely. The wound, which Marie's faithlessness had inflicted on his heart, healed over. The consciousness of being loved by the most renowned authoress of France, a lady of European reputation, filled his soul with joyful pride. He felt himself no more alone, not homeless, for in Aurora he possessed not only a loved one, but a gifted friend on whom he could depend; in her heart a home, from which no stroke of fate could banish him.

At this time he withdrew more from general society, and lived most of the time only to his Muse and to a small circle of friends. Always select in his intercourse, from this time he became still more so; but his more intimate acquaintances he received always with the best humor and with the genuine Chopin amiability.

Franz Liszt, Ferdinand Hiller and Baron von Stockhausen are perhaps the only yet living witnesses of those interesting *soirées intimes* at Chopin's rooms in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Liszt writes of them:

"Chopin's chamber was lighted only by a few wax candles, which burned around those Pleyel pianos, which the genial artist was particularly fond of on account of their subdued, silvery, clear tone and their deep touch, which enabled him to woo from them sounds that seemed to belong to one of those Harmonicas, of which romantic Germany preserved the monopoly, and which its old masters constructed so ingeniously, marrying glass to water.

"Left in the shade, the corners seemed to take away all limits from that chamber, and extend it even into the darkness of empty space.

"In a sort of twilight you could see perhaps a piece of furniture, covered with a white shroud, lift its obscure form like a ghost, come to listen to the tones that had conjured it up.

"The light concentrated about this piano fell upon the floor, gliding over it like a flowing wave, uniting itself with the flames of the fireplace, which from time to time shot forth red or golden rays.

"A single picture, the portrait of a pianist and like-minded friend, seemed invited to be the constant listener to the tones streaming back and forth, which sighing, exulting, murmuring, complaining, died away upon the waves of the instrument.

"The polished surface of the mirror, with a happy play of accident, doubling the picture before our eyes, reflected the fine oval and the silky locks, which so many painters have copied, and which have been reproduced for friends innumerable by copperplate engraving."

—Among the guests in that room one often found Henri Heine, the German poet, of whom Enault has said, that sarcasm had dried up his heart, and scepticism had swallowed up his

soul; Meyerbeer, the creator of the greatest dramatic musical works of that time; Liszt, who astonished by his magnificent and fiery piano playing, who understood the poetic soul of the Polish artist and who has since erected with his pen a monument to him; Ferdinand Hiller, at that time also a renowned pianist, who felt a hearty and true friendship for Chopin; Ary Schaffer, the most classical among the romantic painters; Eugene Delacroix, who sought the harmony of colors in the enchaunting music of Chopin; Adolph Nourrit, the celebrated singer, who afterwards, overcome by melancholy, put an end to his own life; Baron von Stockhausen, ambassador of the king of Hanover at the French Court, an admirer and pupil of Chopin. Besides these there were also a small number of his countrymen, at the head of whom stood Niemcewicz, a venerable greybeard, who had a great yearning for his fatherland, and who cherished only one wish, that of being allowed to rest from all the sorrows of life in his native soil; Mickiewicz, the greatest Polish poet, who always dreamed of his beloved Lithuania, and who has sung its beauties in words worthy of a Homer. Also Witwicki, a favorite poet, Matuzynski, Fontana, Grzymala; finally Musset's "*la femme à l'œil sombre*," who was afterwards to poison the whole life of our artist. * * *

A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven.— German Criticisms

[We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the long delayed third volume of this most interesting work (Vol. I. was published in 1866, Vol. II. in 1872) will go to press—in German, like the others—by the beginning of next month. Meanwhile we have been kindly furnished with translations from some of the best German criticisms which appeared after the publication of the second volume, which we have pleasure in presenting.]

The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," for Dec. 18, 1870, writes:—

We have before us the work of A. W. Thayer (*L. v. Beethoven's Life*) which we are sorry to say is still unfinished, only one volume having as yet appeared. This however on account of its thoroughness, carefulness of preparation, and its simple clear statement of facts, undoubtedly holds the first place amongst all the biographies of Beethoven which have yet appeared.

The "*Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*" of Oct. 18, 1871, writes as follows about the second volume of this work:—

As an Englishman has succeeded in bringing out the best biography of Goethe, so also it seems to have been reserved to one sprung from the same race as Albion's sons, viz: the American Thayer, to hand down to the German people the best biography of Beethoven; this is at any rate true so far as the outward life of the great composer is concerned.

Since the first volume of Beethoven's life by Thayer was given to the public, five years have rolled away; but the very first perusal of this work must have convinced all lovers of the great master, even his most ardent admirers, that the author possesses all the qualifications and acquirements which are indispensably necessary for an exact description of the external life of Beethoven. Never-tiring love

for his work, astonishing industry, the most complete giving up of himself to the accomplishment of the task so steadfastly set before him, great aptitude for literary work, deep power of perception and critical penetration; these are some of the prominent qualifications which here as in the first volume will agreeably impress every reader; and so much the more, as the worthy author, in true self-appreciation, has limited himself to the mere unfolding of the master's outward life, without seeking to enter upon the subject of his musical creations.

The first volume of the work closes with the year 1795, in which Beethoven brings out the three Trios of his first Opus. The second volume gives the continuation of the third book: "*Beethoven's early life in Vienna, 1792-1800*," commenced in the first volume. It then goes on with the fourth chapter, giving afterwards the whole of the fourth book: "*Beethoven on the summit of his creations*," up to the repetition of *Fidelio*, 1800-1806; this is contained in nine chapters. The book closes with nine Appendices.

Apart from the rich abundance of novelty which throughout the whole book must awaken the deepest admiration; apart also from the delicate irony which exposes the endless errors by which so many biographers have done Beethoven grievous wrong; apart from these and other beauties, one leading feature of the author's power of investigation comes out most prominently; we quickly perceive that the biographer has laid out for himself the very difficult task of following the life of the great master step by step according to time and place. The result is that in this work we have displayed for the first time a rational utilization of the biographical notices of Wegeler and Ries, whilst all other biographers labor under a most frightful chronological confusion. All other historians are troubled with a most uninteresting disconnectedness of arrangement, whilst here the unfolding of the narrative of this great master's life takes a clear, distinct form. The author's most intense painstaking is crowned with perfect success, clearly proving the truth of the old Greek proverb: "*Love of toil is the father of glory*."

I will now, however, turn to some of the particulars. At the commencement of the volume we have Beethoven presented to us as a young man of 25 years of age; we accompany him on his professional tour to Prague and Berlin, and discover a strong motive for the production of the "*Heroic Symphony*" in the person of General Bernadotte. As early as the fourth chapter of this book (4th chapter, 3rd book), we have the most surprising results placed before us. Up to this time everybody thought it necessary to accept with Schindler, as a fact, that Beethoven in this professional journey awakened in Leipzig the most astonishing excitement by his productions. Ludwig Nohl also repeats the same in his life of Beethoven, without making the slightest criticism on it. Our author, however, after the most minute investigation feels himself compelled to deny most emphatically the whole narrative, for, although all possible sources of information were most closely scrutinized, not the slightest intimation of such successes of Beethoven can be discovered. In this work it is related for the first time, that the young composer, during his stay in Prague, made the acquaintance of the lawyer Dr. Kanka, who at a later period was exceedingly helpful to him.

In a letter from Beethoven to his brother, the apothecary, dated Feb. 19, 1796, among other matters occurs the following passage: "*Prince Lichnowski will soon return to Vienna; he has already set out from here; if you should require any money apply to him without hesitation, for he is still in my debt*." The author, who is indebted to Mrs. v.

Beethoven for this letter, hereupon remarks: "*How Prince Lichnowski could be in Beethoven's debt we cannot definitely settle*." Now amongst a list of subscribers to Beethoven's Trio, Opera I, at one ducat each, the prince makes a great display, subscribing for twenty copies. Is the supposition far fetched that Lichnowski had not paid the same in the year 1796. The next chapter offers to us an exquisite bouquet of hitherto unknown events culled from the most brilliant period of the composer's life, 1798-1799. It is perfectly astounding how one man could open up so many and so wide spread sources of information as those from which Thayer has collected his narratives.

Of Beethoven's intercourse with his rivals, Joseph Wölfl and Steibelt, with J. B. Cramer and Tomascheck, with Count Browne, who up to this time had been quite unknown as a great patron of the composer, with the celebrated contrabassist Domenico Dragonetti, concerning whom previous biographies have contained nothing at all; of his relations with Mosel and others; of all these we here read many most interesting facts; the interest of which is deepened by many a hitherto unknown feeling of the composer's soul being poured forth in words. For professional composers the following anecdote, taken from Wölfl's life, may be both instructive and amusing. When the great master was once asked why he did not write with so wide a span as he played, he replied: "*What would the world, which already holds me for a fool, say if I offered to ordinary men compositions which are suitable to my own long fingers*."

The following chapter: "*Beethoven's social intercourse in Vienna*" also increases to a considerable extent the reader's pleasure, by the exceedingly interesting richness and novelty of its contents. But we must resist the temptation of touching upon much of this; we can only invite the admirer of Beethoven to read, wonder and delight in the beauties presented. Here we have the touching picture of the friendly intercourse which existed between Beethoven and the Court Secretary Nikolaus Zmeskoll von Domanovecz; there the description of the first glowing admirers of the young composer, the professional violinists Heinrich Eppinger and Wenzel Krempelholz, and the amateur violinist and banker Häring. There are also many other characters introduced which are tolerably well known to us through the other biographies; but their relation to the composer we here learn for the first time in its true light. Amongst these male forms, suddenly start up, here and there, appearances from the female world, of whose existence in the circle of Beethoven's acquaintances we had hitherto not the smallest idea. We learn here the important fact that Beethoven's friend during his orchestral career in Bonn, the brilliant Magdalena Willmann, fair in form and bewitching in song, who had an engagement during this period in the Court Opera at Vienna, held him so fast bound in her fetters that he asked her hand in marriage. The reason why the charming songstress so mercilessly repulsed Beethoven, who was really serious in his intention of marrying her, Thayer learned from a niece of the former in the following characteristic words: "*Because he (Beethoven) was so ugly and half cracked*." The life of this much appreciated artist, (afterwards Mrs. Galvani) was, however, cut short all too early by the inexorable hand of fate, in June, 1802. The following chapter: "*Beethoven's character and person*," closes the third book.

The author has taken care that with the continuation of the narrative our admiration should increase in something like geometrical progression. The very first chapter of the fourth book entitled: "*The year 1800*" affords eloquent proof of this. The interest becomes so absorbing that the reader, even if

no very special admirer of Beethoven, is drawn resistlessly along from one chapter to another, until at the close of the picture he darts forward to seek for more, like a hungry wolf in search of prey. It is to be hoped however that the worthy author will not leave the famishing wolf to snap his teeth upon air for another five years. In the second volume the description is made so attractive, piquant, and interesting, that even the female mind, in literary matters somewhat weakly sentimental, can enjoy and digest with pleasure the contents of this work.

[Conclusion next time.]

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

England may justly be classed amongst the musical countries of Europe. The English have valid claims to be regarded as a musical people. These affirmations will doubtless be demurred to by many who have not given the subject a calm and impartial consideration. We possess historical, literary, and musical evidence more than sufficient to establish the fact. Inauspicious circumstances have at various periods in our country's history diverted the minds and the inclinations of the people from the pursuit of music, such, for instance, as foreign and civil wars, religious persecutions, fanatical prejudices against art and artists, diversity in popular habits and social customs, revolutions in taste, and changes in fashion; but whenever England has enjoyed repose, and her people have been unrestrained in the selection of their favorite pastimes, they have evinced a disposition to avail themselves of the genial fascinations of music. They have fostered and cultivated the art, and have thus afforded undeniable proofs that a genuine love of music is inherent in the national character.

The national music of England, apart from that of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is melodious, pathetic, and vigorous. The music of the Church by native composers, for simplicity of design, for melody, for learned harmonical contrivance, and for sublimity of expression, is unsurpassed. The glees and madrigals of England have a world-wide celebrity. The choicest songs of this country may vie in beauty with the airs and romances of Italy, Germany, and France.

To the honor of being amongst the first European nations who attempted the composition of dramatic music England may also lay a fair claim. For excellence in this department of the musical art she has yet to acquire European fame. This country has nevertheless produced many native dramatic composers who have earned considerable distinction.

In their origin, all artistic efforts are strange and crude. We consequently perceive in the earliest attempts at the lyric drama in England, as in all countries, a style uncouth and barbarous. The result of a critical examination, and an impartial comparison of England's dramatic music during the 17th century with that of Italy at the same period, is highly creditable to this country, in which then flourished one of the greatest musicians of any age or nation—the illustrious Henry Purcell, the founder of English Opera.

The germs of the lyric drama of England may be discovered in the *masques* represented in this country during the 16th and 17th centuries. A performance—the earliest on record—took place at Greenwich in 1512. At Whitehall an entertainment of the nature of a *masque* was represented in 1530. "It wanted only machinery," says Burgh, "to fulfil the idea of a complete 'masque,' such as were afterwards written by Ben Jonson and others, and which, with a constant musical declamation in recitative, mixed with air, would have formed an *opera* exactly similar to the musical drama of Italy in the ensuing century." These incipient melodramas were composed for special occasions, and for the exclusive amusement and recreation of royal and noble persons, at whose palaces and mansions they were privately performed. Three years before the birth of Shakespeare—viz., in 1561—a regular play was written by Lord Buckhurst, in which was introduced instrumental music, performed before each act, on viols, cornets, flutes, oboes, fifes and drums. According to Sir William Dugdale, who wrote in 1656, the Kenilworth *masques*, arranged for Queen Elizabeth's entertainment, were represented with great splendor.

As poetry became more polished and her sister art more developed, pieces of greater musical and dramatic interest were produced. A musical play entitled "Damon and Pythias," approaching very nearly to the modern notion of an English opera, was, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, written and composed by Richard Edwards. The performers in this play sang as well as acted. Ben Jonson's *masques*, which were greatly in advance of those which had preceded them, were set to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco and Nicolas Lanier. Hogarth suggests that they bore a closer resemblance to the regular Italian Opera than the so-called *operas* which were represented on the English stage during the greater part of the last century. Milton's *masque* "Comus" was originally set to music by the author's friend Henry Lawes, who has received from his contemporaries perhaps greater praise than has been accorded to any other composer. His genuine English style does not appear to have derived aid from Italy. Lawes was well acquainted with the simple grandeur of Tallis, Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, and Bull, his eminent countrymen, and no doubt formed his style from the study of their works. The vocal music of Lawes is, at least, as tuneful as that of his Italian contemporaries, with which it will bear a favorable comparison.

Up to this period no public performances of dramatic music had taken place, and whatever enjoyment it afforded was monopolized by princes and nobles. The people regaled themselves after their own manner by singing and dancing, and playing on the lute and virginals, the regals and dulcimer, and other popular musical instruments on all festivals and at merry makings, which were then more frequent and less ceremonious than in the present day.

Many of Shakespeare's plays were written with a view to the introduction of vocal and instrumental music. "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As you Like it," and "Twelfth Night" are full of songs. Ben Jonson, Myddleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Dryden, and other dramatists of the 16th and 17th centuries, also furnished in their plays opportunities for the introduction of vocal music. Here we have the origin of English Opera. From 1647 to 1656, the public performance of every department of the drama was strictly forbidden. Singing and dancing during that time were likewise prohibited. According to the religious belief of a certain section of the English public, to indulge in such pleasures was to commit sin.

Sir William Davenant sought to overcome the prevailing prejudice against dramatic performances, and at length was successful in obtaining a patent to open a rude kind of theatre at Rutland House, Charterhouse-square, near Smithfield, for the purpose of producing "An entertainment in declamation and music after the manner of the Ancients." The title and style of this novel species of musical entertainment were borrowed from the Italians, who originated the *Opera*, with the like view and purpose, at the close of the 16th century.

The "Siege of Rhodes" was the first "Opera" sung in "Recitativ Musicke;" it was produced in 1656. An anonymous author in 1692, referring to the "Siege of Rhodes," says: "It is indeed a perfect opera: there being this difference between opera and tragedy, that the one is a story sung with proper action, the other spoken. It is true," adds the writer, "that the 'Opera' wanted the ornament of machines, which they value themselves so much upon in Italy, and the dancing which they have in such perfection in France." The music of this first English opera was composed after a strange manner, the vocal portion being the joint contribution of Mathew Lock, Captain Henry Cook, and Henry Lawes, while the instrumental music was composed by George Hudson and Charles Coleman. There were seven instrumentalists, whose names are recorded; and among the singers were Captain Cook, Mathew Lock, and the father of Henry Purcell, the celebrated composer. There were also "Singing Operas," entitled by Colley Cibber "Dramatic Operas." "The Tempest" was composed by Mathew Lock. "Psyche" was a joint production by Draghi and Lock. John Banister wrote the music for "Circe." The two first-named operas were produced in 1673, and the last in 1676. These ancient English operas comprised spoken dialogue, and songs and choruses interspersed.

Henry Purcell, the glory of English musicians, was born in 1658, twenty-six years before the birth of Handel. He was the contemporary of Stradella and Alessandro Scarlatti of Naples. By the pro-

duction of his first opera, "Dido and Eneas," in 1677, at the age of nineteen, he immediately established a reputation as a dramatic composer of the highest class. He was soon occupied in the composition of other operas. Nat Lee's "Theodosius" was Purcell's first publicly performed work. In 1690, Shakespeare's "Tempest," of which Dryden made a version, offered to Purcell an opportunity to display his talent for dramatic music. He set many pieces to music which yet retain their original popularity. When selecting a composer for his "Albion and Albanus," Dryden unaccountably passed by Purcell and made choice of Grabu, an incompetent Frenchman, whose demerits were as obvious in his day as they are in ours. "King Arthur," the joint production of Dryden and Purcell, was composed in 1691. It is full of music as charming as it is erudite. The "Frost Scene," for a bass voice and chorus, is, without exception, one of the most dramatically expressive compositions that can be found in music. Among many favorable specimens of Purcell's pathetic style of melody may be instanced the songs, "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly," "Fairest Isles," and "From rosy bowers"—"the last song the author set, it being in his sickness." "Tell me why, my charming fair," a dialogue in the "Prophetess" for bass and soprano, is very beautiful, and would bear revival. The "Prophetess; or, The History of Diocletian," was composed in 1690. In his dedicatory epistle to the published score of this opera, Purcell thus expresses himself: "Music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion." It may be presumed from the foregoing extract that Purcell was well acquainted with the music of the then best Italian masters; but, on comparing his music with theirs, it is quite evident that the English composer, however zealously he may have studied the works of his Italian contemporaries, depended solely upon his own original powers and his national instincts for his inspirations, and for the formation of his purely English style.

For vocal expression Purcell is yet unrivalled. According to an eminent authority, "The highest quality of Purcell's music is its genuine English character." "He was fully aware that the vocal music of every country must be founded upon the peculiar accent in modulation of its spoken language." Purcell studied with attention, and with the feeling of a true poet, the genius and character of his native tongue, and he invented a style of recitative, or "speaking music," adapted to its lyrical capacity. This differs materially from the musical declamation of Italy, which, however well fitted to the soft musical language of that country, is not natural to that of England. The "Indian Queen," produced in 1692, "Tyrannic love," and "Bonduca," are other Operas by our renowned countryman of considerable dramatic and musical merit. "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "Britons, strike home," "Come if you dare," from Purcell's now obsolete Operas, when well sung, are sure to receive from a British audience a British welcome. England lost her greatest musician in 1695, at the early age of 37—fifteen years before Handel's first visit to England. It is interesting to contemplate what might have resulted to English music had Purcell lived to be in intimate communion with Handel, who so considerably enlarged the boundaries of his art.

Every Englishman should be proud of the name of Henry Purcell; for a man more highly gifted with musical genius never lived.[?]

"Purcell! the pride and wonder of the age,
The glory of the Temple and the stage!"

"Who e'er like Purcell could our passions move!
Who ever sang so feelingly of love!"

Those who impartially study his music, and consider the time when it was written and the low condition of the art in England at that period, cannot fail to be amazed at the extent of his musical acquirements, and the remarkable powers of invention he evinced. These will bear testimony to the truth conveyed in Dryden's epitaph:—

"Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

In order to understand the condition of England's Musical Drama during the eighteenth century, and to fairly estimate her efforts towards its progress, it will be convenient to take a cursory survey of the

state of that branch of Musical Art during the same epoch in other countries.

Italy, in early times the pupil of Flanders, originated "Opera in Musica" with the invention of *Recitative*, or "Musica parlante," at the close of the sixteenth century. The origin of *Recitative* may be traced to the impassioned language and exaggerated tones used by the people of Italy and of other Southern climes when engaged in animated discussion. The first Operas were composed entirely in *Recitative*. When the voice was sustained by a single instrument it was called "simple recitative." The Italians considered that the transition from musical speaking to measured song was easier and more natural than from the ordinary conversational voice, and they therefore adopted that mode of recitation and declamation. In the infancy of Opera, and in its adolescence, the boundaries which separated secular from sacred music were undefined: the music of the Church and stage were almost identical. Opera soon took root in the fertile soil of Italy: it was cultivated by many musicians in her several states, and it received countenance and support from the princes and nobles, then the only patrons and encouragers of art. Operas were produced in quick succession in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, each city having an operatic school of its own. They rapidly acquired a world-wide renown for their composers, their singers, and their country. Italy gave birth to the best Masters in composition, the best instructors in the vocal art, and the best vocalists. The Italian school of musical composition and vocalization was regarded as the best in the world. Musicians and singers travelled to Italy from England, Germany, and France for the purpose of study, and in order to hear the recognized *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian Opera, hoping thus to improve their own style of melody, musical construction, and vocalization. After a time Opera in Italy became vulgarized, demoralized, and deteriorated. It was satirized by English and Italian writers. "As the waters of a certain fountain in Thessaly," wrote an English essayist of the early part of the eighteenth century, "from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition (the Opera) find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it."

But even the biting satire of Addison and other English writers was exceeded by that of the noble Venetian composer, Benedetto Marcello, who, in 1720, published his "Il Teatro alla moda," in which every character employed in the theatre is severely subjected to the satire of the witty writer and musician. Trivialities and gross absurdities had gradually crept into the Opera which destroyed its former dignity. Musical reformers, however, arose, and brought it again into favor and regard.

Let it not be forgotten that while the famous Italians, Stradella, Cesti, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gasparini, Antonio Lotti, Vivaldi, and others were occupying themselves with Opera in Italy, Henry Purcell, the Englishman, was composing pure English music, which, for erudition, beautiful expressive melody, and fine dramatic effects, was unsurpassed by his foreign contemporaries. Other English composers were similarly employed. In the "Orpheus Britannicus" will be found a song composed by Henry Purcell as a compliment to the famous Mrs. Bracegirdle, for her singing the mad song in John Eccles's Opera, "Don Quixote."

Krieger, Keiser, Matheon, Telemann and other German musicians were laying the foundation of Opera in Germany, while Lulli, Desmaréts, Rameau and others were working in the same direction in France. The dramatic music of both Germany and France at that period was inferior to that composed in England by Henry Purcell. Operas in Germany and France were, in the first instance, borrowed from Italy in the form of translations and adaptations of Operas which had become celebrated in that country.

Students of musical history cannot fail to observe the occurrence and recurrence of periodical revolutions in musical taste, in all countries, which have generally ended in the institution, so to speak, of new musical dynasties. The introduction of the Italian manner in English music, at the opening of the eighteenth century, may be considered as one of these. England desired Italian Opera, and Thomas Clayton, an English musician, of more pretension than ability, professed to supply it, but in an English dress. He set to music a translated Italian *Libretto*, and produced his Opera, "Arsinoë, Queen of

Cyprus," in 1705, with English singers. His work is below criticism, and was soon crushed beneath the weight of its utter insignificance and worthlessness. Its performance was nevertheless tolerated for a few nights, and was followed by Marc-Antonio Bononcini's "Camilla," and the "Triumph of Love," by Saggiene, sung in English. A volume, containing the three Operas, published by Walsh, affords evidence of their quality. Clayton's "Rosamund" appeared and failed in 1707. "Pyrrhus and Demetrius" was afterwards produced on the English stage; the English and Italian performers singing in their respective languages. In 1710 "Almahide" was sung entirely in Italian. Thus was inaugurated Italian Opera in England. It soon became fashionable, and little else was listened to for sixteen years. *Ballad Operas* by Galliard, Motteux, Carey, and Eccles were occasionally performed, but they made no lasting impression. It is well known with what despotic sway Handel reigned supreme in Italian Opera, and with what success he fought his rivals Bononcini, Attilio Ariosti, and others, who presumed to dispute his authority. At length the enthusiastic admiration for Italian Opera began to cool. The "Beggars' Opera" now took firm hold of the English public, and in 1727 Italian music became unfashionable. The "Beggars' Opera," which for six years retained the favor of the English people, was succeeded by a series of *Ballad Operas* of ephemeral popularity. Some lines, published in 1730, entitled "Old England's garland," or the "Italian Opera's downfall," bear testimony to another revolution in the musical drama of England; they ran thus:—

"I sing of sad discords that happened of late,
Of strange revolutions, but not in the State;
How old England grew fond of old tunes of her own,
And her Ballads went up and our Opera down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down."

The once admired English Operas of Dr. Arne are as obsolete as those of his foreign predecessors, contemporaries, and immediate successors. Arne was a prolific and successful contributor to the rich repertory of English music. His first Opera, "Rosamund," produced in 1733, obtained for its composer a prominent niche in the Operatic Temple of Fame. His early works were composed in a style specially his own. It was gracefully melodious, sweet in expression, and simple in construction. His "Artaxerxes," which was first represented in 1762, was heard with delight for eighty years. It was the first complete English Opera on the Italian model. Arne was unable to withstand the influence of Italian music, and he combined with charming music purely English, *airs* in imitation of the prevailing florid Italian school, of which the *Aria di bravura*, "The soldier tir'd," is a favorable specimen. The part of the *Princess Mandane* was for many years selected for the *début* of young ladies who aspired to be *Prima Donnas*. The professional career of Dr. Thomas Arne forms one of the landmarks of English Opera of which England may boast. Dr. Samuel Arnold, Thomas Linley, and Charles Dibdin were his immediate successors. They produced many serio-comic Operas in the form and fashion of the period. Songs and duets succeeded to the spoken text, a characteristic of legitimate English Opera which yet prevails. Elaborated, concerted finales were as yet unknown. The so-called English Operas of those days were greatly admired, and they afforded enjoyment not only to professional musicians of distinction, but to the aristocracy and people of England generally, who had long been familiar with the music and singers of Italy. An English School of Music then existed, and its influence extended from Henry Purcell to Henry Bishop.

There is a form of melody, unmistakably English, whose characteristic is sweetness combined with pathos. There are also casts of melody whose features are bold and manly. Both styles of British song never fail, when faithfully interpreted by fine and expressive voices, to touch a sympathetic chord in British hearts.

[To be Continued.]

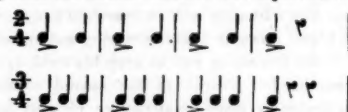
For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Rhythm: A Study.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Rhythm is a subject which does not receive the attention of teachers so much as it deserves. In the following paragraphs I confine myself to the natural rhythms, which consist of tones only, and not of tones and rests and syncopations, the variety

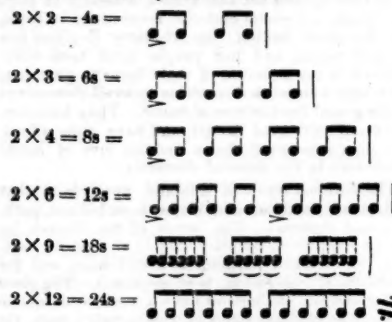
of which is endless. All rhythms are either *twos* or *threes*, or combinations of them. The fundamental rhythms are double measure and triple measure:



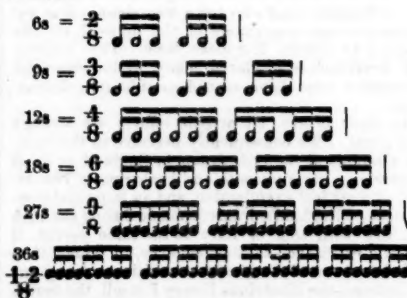
In common time we already have a combination of two measures of double measure. In 6-4 time two "threes;" in 9-4 three "threes;" in 12-4 time, four "threes," that is $2 \times 2 \times 3 = 12$; or more properly, putting the unit 3 first, we have $3 \times 2 \times 2 = 12$. Thus with one tone to each unit of time we have six rhythms, four of which are compound:

- A. Double measure—Simple rhythm of 2s.
- B. Triple measure—Simple rhythm of 3s.
- C. Quadruple measure—Compound rhythm of 2s.
- D. Sextuple measure—Rhythm of 3s x 2.
- E. Nine-beat measure—Rhythm of 3s x 3.
- F. Twelve-beat measure—Rhythm of 3s x 2 x 2.

2. An exhaustive catalogue of rhythms may be arrived at by taking successively each of these measures as a unit of time and carrying it through all the kinds of measure. For instance take 2 for a unit and we have rhythms as follows:



3. Taking 3 for a unit we have in figures 3x2=6, 3x3=9, 3x4=12, 3x6=18, 3x9=27, and 3x12=36. In notes:



4. Taking 4 for a unit we have in figures 4x2=8, 4x3=12, 4x4=16, 4x6=24, 4x9=36, 4x12=48. In notes:



5. When we come to six for a unit we find that the previous tables afford two sixes essentially dif-

ferent. In $\S 2$, there is a 6 which is 2×3 ; in $\S 3$, there is a 6 which is 3×2 . In notes:

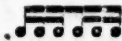
$$2 \times 3 = \text{musical notation} \quad 3 \times 2 = \text{musical notation}$$

Taking the first of these we have rhythms of $6 \times 2 = 12$, $6 \times 3 = 18$, $6 \times 4 = 24$, $6 \times 6 = 36$, $6 \times 9 = 54$, $6 \times 12 = 72$. In notes:

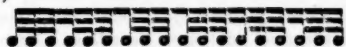


So also for the 54s and 72s. It will be seen that in the 36, I changed the unit note to an eighth for the sake of having the means of so connecting the notes as to show the nature of the rhythm.

6. The other variety of sixes are easier: they have for the simple measures the unit



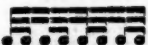
For the compound measures the unit is (eighth note)



This taken twice gives 36s, three times 54s, and four times 72s.

7. Taking 8 for a unit we have the rhythms: $8 \times 2 = 16$, $8 \times 3 = 24$, $8 \times 4 = 32$, $8 \times 6 = 48$, $8 \times 9 = 72$, $8 \times 12 = 96$.

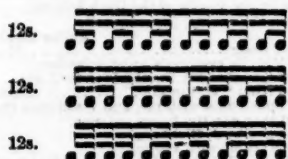
The unit derived from a quarter note is



In the compound measures the grouping should be such as this:



9. Were we to continue this process with 12 for a unit we should have no less than three units:



A well taught pupil ought to be familiar with all these kinds of rhythm; for although to the ear the following rhythms, for instance, sound alike,



yet their mental effect is different to the player, and owing to the connection in which they would occur they would also be different to the hearer. The same is true of all the others; there are no two alike.

A feasible way of doing this is to apply these rhythmic tables to scales and arpeggios, giving one table or half a table at a lesson. This idea of putting exercises into rhythmic forms or the purpose of educating the pupil to rhythm and at the same time more fully absorbing the mind in the exercise then practicing, is the invention of Dr. Wm. Mason, and in my opinion is one of the most useful

discoveries in recent piano teaching. The idea of extending such rhythmic treatment through regularly constructed tables is believed to be new with the writer. At any rate it is a good idea, subject only to the following very important limitations:

In the first place the progress from one table to the following is to be slow, the same table being continued with different scales through several successive lessons until the pupil has become perfectly master of it, so as not only not to make mistakes, but as not even to feel anxiety about the rhythm. The idea being to "rub it in" until the rhythmic computation completes itself without difficulty, and without conscious effort. For this reason the long rhythms, those with 6 or more for a unit, will not ordinarily fall to the lot of pupils until they have become considerably advanced.

In the second place it is to be observed that the long rhythms naturally lead to fast playing, and to many rapid repetitions of the same scale; and this, if not properly compensated for by slow practice without accents, leads to an unfinished style of performance. I suppose a firm and solid technic will require nearly half the scale practice to be slow and heavy.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the Mason and Hoadley books it ought to be noticed, that in thus applying rhythmic treatment to scales, they may be played one octave or two, or three, or four; and that the scale is to be played over and over without stop until the rhythmic form completes itself by the accent returning to the note where it began. This in some of the forms leads to very many repetitions.

Story's Tragedy of Stephanía.

(From Anne Brewster's Roman Letter, of May 23, to the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

I did not go to the afternoon services, although it was so tempting a sight; my intellectual inclinations drew me in another direction. I made one of a select party invited to the Villa Story, at the Maccas, to hear Mr. Story read his grand tragedy of *Stephanía*. Fine *funzioni* are no novelties in Rome; but it is not every day in one's life that we can hear a distinguished, clever man read his own poems.

The story of the Emperor Otho III., and Stephanía, wife of the Roman Consul Crescentius, is a grand mediæval one; it is a wonder that it has never been taken for the subject of a tragedy before. One reason, I fancy, is, that few, even educated men, are familiar with the mediæval history of Rome,—a history that is bristling with the sharpest, keenest, most dramatic tragedies; with remarkable women—Medea and Lady Macbeth by the hundreds. I was not at all surprised to find two or three literary men present at the Sunday reading entirely ignorant of the powerful incident in history which Mr. Story has taken for his tragedy. They listened with an interest that was delightful to observe.

The history of Otho III. and Stephanía is told in the chronicles with a brief severity, concise and swift as a Greek tragedy. Rome was very rebellious in that mediæval time, as, indeed, she has always been, about German rule. The German Emperors had no end of trouble in placing and holding the Popes of their liking in the chair of St. Peter.

In 988, Crescentius, the Roman Consul, a bold, brave, grand man, one of the few fine characters that day possessed, placed on the Papacy a John XVI. Otho III., of Germany, came in haste to Rome to replace the dethroned Pope, Gregory V., his cousin. Gregory and Otho were both young Germans. The Emperor was only 22 and the Pope 28 when they died. You can see the Pope's tomb or sarcophagus in the crypt of St. Peter's. I have often stood beside it, read its rude, barbarous Latin epitaph, and studied there the gaunt but grand history of that far-off day. Gregory V. was the first German Pope, and although very young, must have been a most powerful and remarkable man. The sarcophagus is a long white marble one, ornamented with clumsily-executed Christian bas-reliefs. One is of Christ, a very young man giving the keys to St. Peter, who is also represented as young—out

of compliment, probably, to the young Emperor and his cousin Pope. The epitaph was translated for me by a friend, and is most curious:

"He who lies in this earth, and who had fine eyes and a handsome visage, was Pope Gregory, fifth of the name. He was called Bruno before, and was of the royal race of the Franks, son of Otho, and his mother was Judith. He was a German by nation, and was educated in the city of Vuangla (Worms). While still young he sat in the apostolic chair for two years and eight months. He was rich, and divided each Sabbath day his vestments with the poor, in number equal to the Apostles, nor more nor less. He was familiar with the Frank, the vulgar, and the Latin tongues; he instructed the people in three idioms. Otho committed to his care the flock of St. Peter, and he himself was consecrated Emperor by the hands of his relative. And after the Emperor was despoiled of the terrestrial flesh he was placed at the right side of his namesake (Otho II.). He died the twelfth day of the Kalends of May."

It was this Gregory V. that Crescentius drove out of Rome. Crescentius was one of those heroic, liberty-loving Romans that tower up in mediæval history once in a while, such as were Arnold of Brescia, Cola de Rienzi, etc. In after years Otho III. attacked Rome, re-entered the city, seized John XVI., treated him with the barbarous cruelty common in that day, and replaced his cousin in the Papacy. Crescentius shut himself up with his family and followers in the Castle of St. Angelo, which Otho found impregnable. The Emperor sent a treacherous flag of truce, with offers of pardon and safe conduct out of Rome to the Consul and his men if they would yield, and this he vowed on his knightly word.

Crescentius yielded, and Otho's first act was to have the brave, handsome Consul and his followers beheaded and their bodies hang on the outside walls of the castle! This was in 988. History says the beautiful wife of Crescentius, Stephanía, obtained her husband's mangled remains, and, aided by some friends, buried them secretly at the Church of St. Pancrazio, on the Janiculum. Baronius says he saw the epitaph of the murdered Crescentius on the tomb in that church. It cannot be found now, however, as I have hunted for it in vain. Baronius, however, gives the touching epitaph in his annals. It is in Leonine Latin verse, and can thus be freely translated. It is most touching, and we may well imagine his poor wife weeping over it and vowing the terrible vengeance she so faithfully fulfilled.

"Worms, O man, putrid, ashes—do not seek gold—only these are enclosed in this narrow box. He who rendered all Rome happy is collected in this small, poor place! Handsome of person was Crescentius; lord and duke; born of noble race. In his time powerful was the land that the Tiber washes; which has now returned obediently to the rule of the Pontiff. Changeable, fickle fortune disturbed his life and brought it to a fatal end. Whoever thou mayst be, who breathest the breath of life, pour out a lament over his fate. Recall that, as thou art, he was."

After his treachery, Otho repented, and performed the cruellest, bitterest penance; but his life was most inconsistent. His cousin died, and Gerbert Sylvester II., that strange, mysterious Pope, the Faust among pontiffs, the first Frenchman that ever sat in St. Peter's chair, was elected. Otho came again to reduce rebellious Rome, and, notwithstanding his paradoxical penitences, committed many horrors. One January day in 1002 he arrived at the little castle of Paterno, from the turret of which he could look over the wild, devastated Campagna, and on that Rome where he and every German emperor longed to establish the seat of their empire. The young emperor was worn out with fever fasts, hard penances; mad in mind and very ill in body. A nun was brought to him, who it was said was a most skillful leech. It was Stephanía in disguise. She ordered him to be wrapped in a smoking deer's skin and gave him a draught. The skin had been steeped in poison, and *tozique* was in the draught! The young emperor died in the most horrible agonies. This is the stern, tragic story history tells.

Mr. Story has taken this incident and managed it with wonderful skill. Stephanía in his hands is more human; she and the Emperor love each other, and this gives rise to a vacillation of purpose and action on her part that is Hamlet-like in its subtlety. The whole play marches on with intense dramatic interest. There is a beautiful lyric—a passionate song—in the third act:

"He struck at my life with his love;
I will never forgive him."

are the first two lines. It is to be hoped that Mr. Story will never give the public his new tragedy until it is first acted upon the stage, as it is essentially an acting play.

Clara Novello.

(From the Same.)

This week has been a wonderfully lucky one to me. Besides hearing Mr. Story read his play, I also have heard a great singer. On Monday afternoon late the Countess Gigliucci, the once famous Clara Novello, and her daughter, came into my reception. All the visitors had gone but one, who was admiring with me the artistic effect of the setting sun out doors, and the lighted lamps in the rooms, and the glow that hung over a huge vase full of the celebrated Farnesina roses—the last of their race are those roses; they went from Parma to Spain, from Spain to the Farnesina; they no longer exist anywhere but in that lovely garden; if the barbarous Tiber project is carried out they will end now, and no more superb roses will bloom there. As I said, the Countess came in to bid me good bye for the season. We admired the roses and the sunlight and lamplight, and I said: "Appropos to great and difficult things, you are leaving Rome and I have never heard you sing, Countess."

"Next year you shall."

"But suppose the Pope and the Farnesina, the old ibex trees and the roses and"—

Here the young people stopped the gloomy passage of ill luck I was about to utter and my supposition was left unfinished. "Well, then," I continued, "let me urge another argument. I have had one great gift yesterday—a poet read his play to me. To-morrow I am to have a second almost impossible gift, admission to the private peerless Torlonia gallery, the greatest in the world, that only twenty persons have ever seen. Now give me on this blessed twilight a still greater impossibility and a still greater gift, a song."

The Countess never sings out of her own salons, and has not for years; but some good power was ruling for me. She did sing to me, then and there, "Sombres forêts," from Guillaume Tell. And such singing! Such style! Such purity of voice! It was like an exquisite violin note. Such execution! Feeling, expression! It was wonderful indeed! I wished the whole world to hear that delicious music; to see the rich, Roman sunset, and enjoy the semi-solitary charm of the beautifully lighted rooms. A marvelous voice, rare flowers, and an exquisite light combined! What could there be better on earth?

ANNE BREWSTER.

The Modern School.

(From RICHARD GRANT WHITE'S article, in the *Galaxy*, on "Three Periods of Modern Music.")

In all the works of the great composers of the modern school—the only real school of music, from Bach to Beethoven, including Haydn, there is a supreme dominant feeling for beauty of form, shown chiefly in melody, but hardly less apparent in harmony. Indeed, without this feeling they would not have been great. The rule is absolute: no form, no art; for art is proportion, symmetry. Melody is a series of musical proportions; like a series of arches the lines of which are harmonious. These melodic ideas they elaborated with the utmost care. It is generally supposed that ideas in art come spontaneously; and, of all, this might seem truest of musical ideas, which are not, like those expressed in language, in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, required to conform themselves to a type or a purpose. They do come indeed to the musical artist, but not spontaneously in the form in which he presents them. They would not come up if they were not in the soil; but the soil must be cultivated and the growth must be pruned and trained into seeming naturalness and spontaneousness of beauty. Milton's lines—

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow—

seem like a splendid spontaneous outburst of poetical expression. But we know that their splendor and their spontaneous seeming is the result of elaboration, of erasure, of interlineation, of recasting. The thought we may believe came in a moment, but it was worked with consummate care and art into the form in which the poet gave it to the world. So it is even with melody, the most spontaneous-seeming part of music. We may be sure that even Mozart, most fertile of all composers in melody, the greatest master of instrumental art, elaborated his themes and his treatment of them, if not on paper, at least in his mind before he put his conceptions into score. And the reason, the occasion for this elaboration was the desired attainment of the highest possible perfection of form. I need hardly say to any musician that I am not speaking of technical form, either of harmonic progression or of the cast of a composition, as

for example the sonata form, the symphonic form, the dramatic form, but of the form of intrinsic absolute value which appeals to the general craving for and appreciation of beauty.

Modern music was presented under these conditions until about half a century ago, when beauty of form and emotional expression began to be disregarded in favor of finish and brilliancy of execution. This was brought about in a great measure by the mechanical improvement of the pianoforte and the extension of its scale. This improvement and extension were made, it is true, in part to meet the demands of performers; but on the other hand, they made performance possible. I believe that there has been no more pernicious influence upon music than the transformation which the piano-forte has undergone since Beethoven's time, and its diffusion over all the world. I do not refer to the cruelties which it is daily the means of inflicting upon inoffensive families and true lovers of music, but to the effect that it has had upon composition and upon performance. The former it has helped to be at once flashy, dull, intricate, and shallow; the latter it has led to be astonishing. Brilliancy, a crowd of notes, sonority, all without beauty of form or emotional suggestiveness—this is the music which the modern grand piano-forte has brought upon us. Orchestral leaders and performers are not content unless they have a very full score to "interpret." They must have a big brilliant noise. The pitch has been raised until singers shriek, in order that the tone of the instruments may be brilliant. Our ears must be shot through and through with piercing shafts of sound. The time is quickened until *allegro* has become *presto*, and *presto* a maddened, indistinguishable rush. Even Theodore Thomas loses some of the majesty of the final movement of the "Fifth Symphony" by too quick a movement; and in the Trio of the Scherzo he drives the basses into a headlong scramble up and down the scale. When the clear succession of notes becomes indistinguishable, musical form, and with it musical beauty, is lost; and the performance becomes a mere victory over musical difficulties. And this quickening of the time is exactly what should not have taken place. Our orchestras have increased in size and in volume of sound since the days of Mozart and Beethoven. As larger bodies, therefore, their movement should be a little slower to produce the effect which the great composers had in mind. But in our rage for brilliancy we have hastened the movement; as if we should make an elephant gallop like a horse. Moreover we have fallen into the fatal error of making the finish, if not the difficulty of execution, superior to the presentation of beauty in form and in expression.

This condition of musical taste has been accompanied or followed—we cannot surely say as effect from cause—by a withering of the creative musical faculty in all its fairest, highest branches.

As to the other composers who were Schumann's contemporaries, they wrote in a condition of hopeless incapacity, except as to their acquired mastery of their craft. They are ever uncertain themselves what they would be at. Compare them with the real composers. Those men knew they had something to do, and they did it. They felt they had something to say, and they said it. These are always about doing something; they are ever entangled in some complicated toll of sound, out of which they cannot find their way; they are hanging by the very eyelids upon some discord that they are afraid to resolve; they are always sounding a note of preparation, announcing that they are about to do something, which they never do. Their music is written in the piano-post-future tense.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that music, ceasing to be merely beautiful and emotional, has, in its decay, sprouted a fungus and monstrous intellectuality. Wagner's musical figures have become as intricate, and often as ugly, as those of a Chinese puzzle; and the entertain-ment is to see how they fit each other and the words to which they are adapted. In his orchestral work we have the most masterly instrumental coloring; a knowledge and an elaboration which is unsurpassed, and also uninspired. It is great technical work, and no wonder that professional musicians admire it. But what is its real value? Take, for example, the finale to the overture to the "Meistersinger." It is very impressive materially, and as a work of instrumental art. It becomes tremendous from mere muscular activity and accumulation of physical force. The violins rush frantically up and down the finger-board; the violoncellos are ready to jump over their bridges; the trumpets blow blood out of their eyes; and there is general frenzy. But what is all this burly-burly about? What are the ideas? Look at them. There are, after all, but three, or it may be four, notes in a chord, and a melody is—well, a melody; an unmistakable sort of thing, one would think, although so hard to define. What is there here of harmony or of melody that would be valuable for its own sake? Strip this music of all its instrumental elaboration, tone down his noisy self-assertion, and look at the bare ideas as they can be played with two hands upon a piano-forte, or with four strings in a quartet, and what are they worth? Would a circle of cultivated musical people sit entranced by them if they were played upon an old harpsichord? No, I take it. And if not, their worth is little.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1877.

Music in the Boston Public Schools.

The Eighth (annual) Musical Exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools was held on Saturday afternoon, June 2, in a new place,—the Moody and Sankey "Tabernacle," which not only had seats for many more hearers than the Music Hall—say 5000,—but allowed nearly twice the usual number of pupils to participate in the performance. The youthful chorus numbered full 2000 voices. The exercises were conducted by Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, Director of Musical Instruction in the Schools; Mr. J. B. SHARLAND, Special Instructor, officiated as Organist; Mr. LARKIN DUNTON, Master of the Normal School, as Chief Marshal.

The scene was beautiful and imposing; of this there was abundant guaranty in the living presence of so many happy, sympathetic, and appreciative thousands, with all the picturesque display of dress and color,—the vast cavern of a building contributing not much towards it. But there were vines and wreaths and superb masses of flowers to cover up its nakedness, so that it was no penalty to sit there. The two thousand singers were arranged tier above tier against the long side wall opposite the revivallists' platform, joy, enthusiasm, intelligence, refinement lighting up their faces. Against the middle of the wall was placed a small organ, not particularly effective in so vast a place. The Conductor's desk was raised high in the middle front, embowered in greens, between which and the organ was the orchestra. The programme was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Voluntary on the Organ.
2. Solo and Chorus, from "Athalia," Mendelssohn
"Heaven and earth display," etc.
3. Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn
The Solo sung by Pupils of the High Schools.
4. Choral in Unison, By the Orchestra.
"Now night comes softly stealing,"
Sung by the full Chorus.
5. Chorus, Meyerbeer
"Thy flowery banks, O lovely river,
Thy sparkling stream and golden strand."
6. Hallelujah, from the Christmas Song "Chant
de Noël," Saint-Saëns

PART SECOND.

7. Overture, "Jubel," Weber
8. Four-Part Chorus, "Night," Schubert
Sung by the Pupils of the High Schools.
9. To Thee, O Country, (By request), Julius Eichberg
10. Evening Song, Mozart
"Mid the evening's quiet splendor,
Lord, to thee my thanks I render," etc.
11. Chorus, from "Masanello," Auber
"Come, come with me, and I will give thee
All that can thy hopes entwine."
Arranged by J. Eichberg.
12. The One Hundredth Psalm.
"From all that dwell below the skies," etc.

The musical effect, or rather the sonority, in that vast space, of all that mass of instruments and voices was probably very much dependent upon where the listener chanced to sit. Where we were placed, just in front of one end of the long choral lines, only the nearest voices told for their full value; we heard a very rich, sweet, fresh, well modulated body of Contralto; the rest was comparatively feeble and obscured by distance. The orchestra, too, was ineffective, the violins scarcely audible. This was particularly noticeable in the two Overtures, which we have no reason to doubt were well played. The chorus seemed to be completely under the Conductor's control, responsive to his every hint of light and shade; time and tune excellent throughout, for aught we could perceive. There was great certainty and promptness of attack; there was precision; there was life, just phrasing, and expression. They all seemed to throw themselves into the character and spirit of each song. And, what was a very agreeable thing to note, in comparison with only a few years since, the much more subdued, refined, yet frank and open quality of tone that characterized the general mass of voices; of course it was more so with the girls than with the boys.

The selection from *Athalie* made a deep impression, in spite of the absence of human tenors and basses, which had to be represented by the orchestra and organ; and lovely was the contrast when the older pupils (of the High Schools) sang the solo part in unison. The Bach Choral, also dependent on the instruments for harmony, shed sweetness and repose over the perhaps half restless multitude. The *Hallelujah* by Saint-Saëns, a very different affair from Handel's, as different as a modern Frenchman from that strong old Saxon giant,—having also more of a routine Cathedral service character,—made a pleasing, if not a very profound effect. In Mozart's "Evening Song," a heavenly strain of melody and harmony, the voices blended marvellously well; and Schubert's "Night," in four-parts, made an exquisite impression.

Of course, the rousing applause and the demands for repetition were in favor of the gayer and more brilliant choruses of Auber and Meyerbeer, and of Mr. Eichberg's patriotic hymn to his daughter's words.

The whole exhibition proved, even more signally than any before, that the teaching of vocal music in our schools is no sham; that the work is well organized and earnestly performed; that the great mass of the pupils not only have their voices and their sense of rhythm disciplined, but they learn to read simple music and to sing by note,—learn something of music in itself; at least enough to render their ears and souls sensitive to future opportunities. And here it is but justice to remember how much of this is due to the first steps so wisely taken in the earliest stages, in the Primary Schools, under the admirable system and superintendence of the man who seems, more than any other we have known, to have a genius for this work, Mr. LUTHER W. MASON,—to him, in preparing the soil so ably and successfully planted by others we have named. Nor are the labors of the Standing Committee on Music, with Mr. C. C. PERKINS at its head, to be overlooked as an important factor in these fine results, witnessing which one ceases to wonder where all the voices come from which fill up the ranks of so many choral associations that have sprung into life of late.

"Elijah" at the Tabernacle.

The Triennial Festival was supplemented by a repetition of *Elijah*, next to the *Messiah* the most popular of Oratorios, and at popular prices, under the ample roof of the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle. This bold experiment was signally successful in attracting an immense audience, and in pleasing all, beyond their expectation, both with the inspiring spectacle and with the effect of the noble music. To say, however, that either choruses or the orchestral or the organ accompaniments, all of which were given with great spirit and *aplomb*, had nearly the intensity of sound, the telling sonority that they had in the Music Hall, would be going too far. The effect was better than we had expected, and yet far short of what was desirable. The tones were distinct, to be sure, in all the parts; you could hear them all,—at least from the voices; but you heard them feebly, as from a distance, and as if they only touched you lightly, as it were, *en passant*, seeming to say: "We cannot stop for you, we are bound to reach others far away." Candor compels one qualification of this remark. Much depended on each hearer's relative position towards the sounding masses. We heard the first part from a point in the middle front of the floor, directly before the orchestra, where, while the solo singers were heard quite satisfactorily, and the brass instruments a little too well, the rest was as we have said; the "Rain" chorus, however, was superb in spite of all. During the second part we sat as far back as we could get,

—still on the floor—with the front wall of the platform behind us for a reflector; and there, we must confess, we heard everything much better; we had not to catch the sounds, for they caught us. We can quite subscribe, therefore, to the *Courier's* statement of the case:—

The building is too large for any but a very exceptionally large chorus and orchestra to make any intense musical effect in. Added to this great size, the Tabernacle is so cut up overhead by crossing beams and rafters as to reduce its sound-reflecting power almost to zero—especially with the orchestra and choral body occupying the position it did on Tuesday evening. The chorus sat in the shape of a truncated wedge, opposite to and facing the regular platform, and the only immediate reflector of sound was the wall behind it; on the sides the sound had nothing to condense it. This want of sonority in the building had one happy result: as there was absolutely no echo, every note of the music, even in extremely complex passages, could be heard with entire distinctness—the ear could easily detect every single element in the music. But the wholesounded dull, far-off and uninspiring; it appealed more to the intellectual than to the sensual ear; it was unable to give the listener that nervous shock which is one of the indispensable conditions of music producing its entire effect upon the human system. *Elijah* in the Tabernacle is as effective as a string-quartet in the Music Hall; both can be distinctly heard, and intellectually comprehended, but neither can be physically felt to an adequate degree.

In the array of solo artists the Handel and Haydn Society were singularly fortunate—we should rather say, were wise and generous. Madame PAPPEHEIM (her first appearance, we are told, in Oratorio) even reached a higher point in favor than she had done in the Wagner Operas and in *Fidelio*. In voice—sure, true, ample, sympathetic and far-reaching; in style and finished, even execution; in feeling and expression, she has hardly been surpassed in the same music. Her appearance, too, was at once genial and serious; and all was done most conscientiously and carefully, and with an intelligent conception of her part. The Widow's music, though taken rather slower than usual, or than we thought quite natural, was made exceedingly impressive on her part. "Hear ye, Israel" was superbly sung, though here too we felt that she mistook the tempo in the second part of the Aria, which should be considerably faster, leaving it to the chorus, in taking up the exhortation "Be not afraid," to swing back to something nearer to the original movement. Her "Hely holy," also, was, next to Jenny Lind's, the nearest to the sublime that we remember. Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, in the tenor solos, more than made good any disappointment in the Festival. He had recovered all his voice, and his delivery of "Ye people, rend your hearts," and "If with all your hearts," was in the most broad and noble style that we have ever heard. He took the Air much slower than most singers, but we are sure that he was right in that. It was in all respects a thoroughly artistic effort. As much may be said of his "Then shall the righteous shine;" and in the Quartets his voice was a tower of strength. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was all herself in the Contralto parts, singing "O rest in the Lord" with rich and true expression; and Mr. J. F. WINCH was careful and successful in the music of the Prophet. Miss SARAH C. FISHER's sweet and clear Soprano was heard to good advantage in the "Angel's Trio" (with Mme. Pappenheim and Miss Phillips), which had to be repeated, as well as in the part of the Youth. The assistants in the concerted pieces, all of which went remarkably well, were Mrs. JENNY M. NOYES, Mr. B. F. GILBERT, Dr. E. C. BULLARD, and Mr. D. M. BABOOCK.

The Society was encouraged by this experiment (which we trust has more than made good their small pecuniary loss by the Festival) to announce the *Messiah* at the same place on Wednesday evening of this week, having secured Miss THURSDAY, Miss CARLY, Mr. ALFRED WILKIE (late of Chicago) and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY for the solo artists. Of this another time.

The Singing Clubs.

Our Part-Song Clubs seem, by their last programmes, to aspire to something higher and more serious than mere part-songs, at least for mere male voices. *Paulo majora canamus* may now be their motto.

This observation is superfluous in the case of THE CECILIA, which from its first beginning, in connection with the Harvard Symphony Concerts, has been a numerous chorus of mixed voices, and has devoted itself mainly to the larger tasks, most of the time with orchestral accompaniment. Since its reorganization as an independent body, with Associate members, it has given more of its time to part-songs—mostly very choice ones; but it has also treated its friends to excellent performances of Gade's "Crusaders," Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, and Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen,"—these with piano accompaniment—and finally, in its third concert (May 23 and 25) it has resumed Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri." This time with a small orchestra such as could find room in a corner of Horticultural Hall. The choruses went very finely, particularly on the second evening, when the Hall was less hot and crowded, and the skeleton of an orchestra, though certain instruments of the full score were wanting, certainly helped to a better understanding of the work. The arduous (in both senses) part of the Peri was given, at the eleventh hour, to Miss MARY TURNER, almost a novice in such music, with a good high voice, of much endurance, who sang remarkably well for one of so short training and experience. Miss IRA WELSH sang the contralto part of the Angel, etc., in her most charming voice and manner. The soprano part of the Maiden was given, the first time, in a refined, artistic style by Mrs. G. K. HOOPER, who kindly took the place of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, who had not quite recovered from a hoarse cold, but who sang the part in her fresh, charming voice and manner in the second performance. Miss J. A. WYATT, in the mezzo-soprano solo in the second part; Mrs. C. C. NOYES, in the deep contralto of the concerted pieces; Mr. WM. J. WINCH, tenor, Mr. J. F. WINCH, baritone, and Mr. ALFRED R. REED, bass, severally acquitted themselves with credit. The performance as a whole was very much enjoyed, doing great honor to the Conductor, Mr. LANG, and to all concerned. If there was any drawback to the enjoyment on the part of any, it was owing to the great length and the sometimes cloying beauty of Schumann's work, and to the great heat of the room. We are curious to know what good work the Cecilia, now so happily established, will set itself about after the summer's rest.

THE ROYLSTON CLUB, which has recently taken to itself a wife, as it were, in the shape of a very select complement of female voices, making an admirable mixed chorus, has also distinguished itself, on its first appearance in that form (Music Hall, Wednesday evening, June 6,) by the production of a Cantata by Schumann: the *Pilgrimage of the Rose*. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. HATTIE GATES as ROSE; Miss E. D. BARRETT, the Queen; Mrs. JENNIE M. NOYES, alto; Mr. W. H. FESSENDEN, tenor; and Mr. G. R. TITUS, bass, as the Grave-digger. We cannot regard the work as comparable, except in a few numbers, to the *Paradise and the Peri*. It belongs to Schumann's later and more morbid and exhausted period. It is sentimental to excess; how in any other mood could he have chosen so romantically weak a subject. Of course it abounds in beauties; but there is a vagueness and a restlessness in its rhythm, particularly in the phrases of accompaniment, (played on the piano, as originally written, by Mr. FESSENDEN), and a morbid mannerism in his harmonies, which renders much of it peculiarly cloying and unsatisfactory. Of the fine voices and singing of Mrs. Gates, Miss Barrett, and Mrs. Noyes,—indeed of all the soloists—we might say much in praise. Mr. Fessenden had music almost too finely suited to his exceedingly delicate and tender style. All the chorus was admirable, showing the great efficiency of Mr. OSGOOD's training.

The Cantata was followed by an unusually interesting selection of part-songs, etc., as follows:

Midsummer Night. Male chorus.....	Rheinberger
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....	Mendelssohn
a. Calm Sea. Male chorus, { Rubinstein
b. Birdling. Female voices, {	
My Love is far away. Mixed chorus.....	Osgood
When Evening's Twilight gathers Round. Mife	
chorus. Female voices, { Hatton
a. Sweet May. Female voices, { Barnby
b. Down in a Dewy Dell. Fem. voices, { Smart
Come, follow me to the Greenwood Tree. Canon	
for three tenor voices 1765.....	Dr. Hayes
Oh, my love's like a red, red rose. Mixed chorus	Garrett

These were all very finely sung; and that by Rheinberger had enough matter in it,—original and beautiful matter, with rare skill in harmony and counterpoint—to justify the repetition it received: although it seemed to us too much like an attempt to crowd half an Oratorio into a part-song, nor was its unity as a whole quite clear to us. Mr. Osgood's part-song was enthusiastically received, and justly. The steady improvement in the material and training of this Club is obvious enough.

THE APOLLO CLUB, adhering to its original intention as a Club of male voices, has also found a task worthy of its unsurpassed vocal material and trained perfection, in Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, which was given entire at the last concert, with the connecting text of Sophocles read (in English), it is said very finely, by Prof. CHURCHILL, of Andover. All who were present speak of the performance altogether as the best achievement of the Apollo, giving unqualified delight,—so far as possible without an orchestra.

Musical Festival in Chicago.

CHICAGO, JUNE 12.—The Apollo Festival came off according to contract with a very large attendance, amounting, I suppose, to six or eight thousand people at every concert. It took place in the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle.

The first concert gave for chorus numbers:

- a. "Calm Sea".....Rubinstein
Apollo Club.
- b. "Ye Spotted Snakes".....Macfarren
Ladies' Chorus.
- c. Hunting song.....Benedict
Full Chorus.

The second part consisted of the first half of "St. Paul." The orchestral selections were Gluck's overture to Iphigenia, Brahms's variations on an air by Haydn, and two selections from "Der Ring des Nibelungen" by Wagner (a, Siegfried's death; b, Ride of the Walkyries.) Miss Cary sang "Awake Saturnia." The orchestra of course I do not need to comment on. It was as usual, except perhaps that it rose above its ordinary excellence, even, in Brahms's beautiful variations on Haydn's air, which is one of the most lovely and interesting works of the new school I have heard. I found also Wagner's music at "Siegfried's death" singularly impressive.

The chorus throughout this first evening did finely. Much of the superior workmanship of the Apollo society was visible throughout. The shading especially was the best I have ever heard from a chorus of that size. There was an elasticity about the singing that one rarely hears from a large chorus.

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Winch were both in bad voice and are to be condoned with rather than criticized.

The second day brought a matinee of school children assisted by the orchestra, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Whitney. The latter sang "O ruddier than the cherry" in a way that I fancy one will seldom hear equalled. The children did on the whole cleverly, although the quality of tone was coarse and strident. I called the attention of the singing teachers here to this matter some years ago, and referred them to the teaching in the Boston schools where a much milder tone prevails—or did when I had the opportunity of hearing. One of the items of the matinee was the orchestra's performance of a theme and variations by Mozart, which were played with infinite tenderness and refinement.

The second concert came Wednesday evening. The choral work included Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," Arthur Sullivan's "On Sea and Shore," two part-songs by the Club and the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. The former was in its way the best singing of the festival. I do not think it a great way; but as a performance it was immense. Sullivan's work did not go perfectly, and fell rather flat. I confess it seems to me somewhat commonplace. Among the orchestral selections were two movements of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.

The third concert brought this programme:

- 1. Symphony in D.....Beethoven
- 2. Scenes from 2nd act of Orpheus.....Gluck
Miss Cary, Chorus and Orchestra.
- 3. Israel in Egypt.....Handel

The symphony was played delightfully, although much marred by late-comers. The "Orpheus" scene seemed hardly worth while, although pretty in its way. Of "Israel" rather more than half was given. As the abridgement may be of interest in Boston (where the art of mutilation is not understood) I give the list sung:

CHORUSES AND SOLOS.

Recit.—Now there arose a new King.....Mr. Winch
Double Chorus—And the children of Israel sigh'd.
Double Chorus—He spake the word.
Double Chorus—He gave them hailstones.
Chorus—He sent a thick darkness.
Chorus—But as for his people.
Double Chorus—He rebuked the Red Sea.
Double Chorus—He led them thro' the deep.
Chorus—But the waters overwhelmed.
Duet—The Lord is a man of war,
Bases of the Apollo Club
Double Chorus—The depths have cover'd them.
Double Chorus—Thy right hand, O Lord.
Air—The enemy said.....Mr. Winch
Double Chorus—The Lord shall reign.
Recit.—For the Horse of Pharaoh.....Miss Cary
Double Chorus—The Lord shall reign.
Recit.—And Miriam the Prophetess.....Miss Cary
Solo and Double Chorus—Sing ye to the Lord.

By this time the chorus was tired, and, to tell the truth, "Israel" did not get out of Egypt so very successfully

after all. Of course by the division of the chorus the volume of tone was much less; and four hundred were already too few for the vast space of the Tabernacle. Then the chorus was re-seated between the rehearsal and the concert, and this also affected the result. Certainly the work was not as well done as the rehearsals promised. Still there were good points in it, and with any other conductor than Mr. Tomlins we should have considered the result as on the whole satisfactory.

The festival is due to Mr. Tomlins, and enables me to form a more complete idea of him. I have frequently spoken in these columns of his superior work as chorus master. The present occasion brought him out in a higher plane, where his "pretty" effects would not save him. Whether he has the musical breadth for a successful conductor of oratorio, is a question I could not pronounce upon without seeing him under more favorable circumstances—that is to say, with a chorus not tired, and that had not been trained entirely within the previous six weeks, as half of this had (for a supplementary two hundred voices were added only about five weeks before the festival.)

You have already seen that this was not a festival in the sense you understand the matter in Boston, or as they have them in Cincinnati. It will take us ten years yet before we can have a festival here with say three full oratorios and suitable condiments. Next time I hope the Beethoven society will be invited to join. For although I cannot always admire their work. I can and do appreciate the real musical value of the society and especially of their conductor. As a pianist Mr. Wolfsohn comes immediately into comparison with the virtuosi, with whom he cannot measure technically. As an orchestral conductor he is immediately measured with Theo. Thomas, and then where is he? As a chorus conductor he has not the peculiar genius that Tomlins has, yet as a musical scholar, and an unselfish worker for the progress of good music, he is one of the foremost men here—perhaps the foremost, and as such he has my profound respect and sincere regard. On the other hand, Mr. Tomlins, also, is not unmindful of musical education; as a musician he is not technically so well informed as Wolfsohn. But I happen to know that his ideas on the subject of chorus work are broad enough and far-reaching enough to entitle him to the rank of educator.

There are one or two little items that show how the West grows. At Beloit, Wis., a town of about 4000 people, is a college. The senior class has engaged Miss Rivé, the pianist, Miss Clara Stacy, a soprano here, and Bach's orchestra from Milwaukee to give a concert there at commencement time.

Item two. Thomas's orchestra plays or has played at Elgin, Ill., a little town of 8000, about forty miles from here. Mrs. Lois Hillis, an energetic teacher there, raised a subscription.

Item three. They were trying to get Thomas at Oberlin, O., for commencement time. That's rather better than the day of brass bands, isn't it?

At one of Mr. Eldy's organ recitals lately, Miss Ella White made a great effect in an aria from Prof. Palestrina's "St. Peter": "Ye men of Judea." The same day she also sang beautifully "He was despised."

At another recital Mrs. Stacy is said to have made a fine effect with Reinecke's "Miriam's Song of Triumph." This latter I did not happen to hear. Yours,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

WORCESTER, MASS. The pupils of the Worcester County Music School were treated to a very pleasant piano-forte recital at the music rooms Saturday afternoon, by A. W. Foote of Boston. Mr. Foote is a thorough musician, and interpreted the music on the programme in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Ellie Sumner also sang several songs in her usual charming manner. The following is the programme:

- Italian Concerto.....J. S. Bach.
- Spring Songs.....A. W. Foote. Gounod Mendelssohn
- "Kammenol—Fetrow," Op. 10, No. 22.....Rubinstein
- "Dans le bleu,".....August Dupont
- Waltz in D flat.....Ch. M. Widor
- A. W. Foote.

- Prelude, Sarabande, Menuet, Gavotte,.....Foote
- A. W. Foote.

- Songs. Und schlaft du, mein Mädchen.....Jensen
- Am Ufer des Flusses des Manzanar.....Jensen

- Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.....Bach-Liszt
- A. W. Foote.

—Worcester Press, May 28.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

What do the Roses say in their Dreams. G. 3. d to E. Babcock. 40

"Do they echo the songs of the eager streams, Running so near, — running so clear?"

Very sweet words by Miss Anna C. Green, and nice music. If one sings the small notes, it is in the 4th degree.

Little Bruno. D minor. 4. d to E. Molloy. 40
"He was only a 'little lad, Barefoot and brown."

Very affecting and sweet. You cannot help liking it.

Sunshine and Cloud. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to F. Foster. 30

"There's never a life so happy, But has had its time of tears."

Very sweet sentiments to fine music.

Shadows. G. 4. d to E. Babcock. 30
"A Zephyr stirs the maple trees."

The difficulty is in the varied accompaniment. The melody is easy, simple and tasteful.

Sing me a Song. Bb. 3. F to F. Cloy. 30
"And Earth is lying all asleep, Beneath the silver light."

Mr. Cloy's taste shows plainly in the music, and "Amanda" has written a sweet poem.

Saved from the Storm. C. 4. b to E. Barri. 40
"For me thou'lt pray in the chapel gray. Navitas Salva Domine!"

Unusually good descriptive song.

The Shadow of the Cross. (L'ombra della croce.) Legend. G. 4. b to E. Barri. 50
"Quai l'ombra qual divin seguit."
"And so in glad and gloomy hours."

Quite out of the common course, and of striking beauty.

Instrumental.

The Huntsman. Reiter Stuck. G. 3. Spindler. 35
One of Spindler's (all well deserving the title of) favorites.

Solon Shingle's Grand March. D. 3. Mack. 50
With a portrait of the delicate, and owing to his popularity, it will help the sale of the fine march.

Alpine Shepherd's Lament. Fantasia. G. 3. Mack. 60
An easy and elegant fantasia, with a fine lithograph title.

Four Evening Pictures, by Gustav Merkel, Complete, 75

No. 1. Twilight. In Dammerstunde. E. 4. 35

"2. Fairy Tale. Marchen. Bb. 4. 35

"3. Serenade. Ständchen. A. 3. 25

"4. Evening Song. Abendlied. F. 3. 25

Fine pictures, that cannot fail to please and reward the purchaser and player.

Black-Hawk Waltz. Eb. 3. Walsh. 40
Sparkling Waltz. Fine lithograph title of dancers who cannot by any Indian-tuly be called savage.

Spindler's Favorites.

No. 1. Blue Eyes. (Blaue Augen.) G. 3. 40
Spindler's favorites are everybody's favorites, and this tasteful thing will be no exception.

Sailor Chorus from Flying Dutchman. C. 4. Spindler. 40
Wildly beautiful.

Three Sonates Faciles et Brillantes, by F. Kuhlau, each 65

Sonate No. 1. A. 3.

Very graceful piece, which is capital for study.

Beside the Sea. 5th Nocturne. Ab. 4. Maylath. 35

"Nocturne" is perhaps a misnomer, as the piece is restless and unquiet, like the waves on rocky shores. But it is good music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note it on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

